

MARVEL
24th Feb 90

THE REAL

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

I KNOW, WINSTON,
HE MUST REALLY BE
IN THE DOG-HOUSE!

BEWARE
OF THE
DOG!

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HQ



Let sleeping pets lie is what they say, but most people would let this pet do anything at all it wants. Winston and Ray are definitely being led down the garden path in this weeks **Winston's Diary!** Later on the **Real Ghostbusters** camp it up when they go to rescue some boy scouts from the **Ging Gang Ghoulie!** If you have ever suffered from fear of flying you should turn straight to **Air Ghostess!** and then you'll know that having the **Real Ghostbusters** on board is by far the safest way to travel!

Also, we come to Part twelve of the **Ghostbusters II** film adaption in which the river of slime is discovered in the New York sewer system.

If that isn't enough for you, just wait until next week when we are giving away more **free** gifts! Well worth hanging around for!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

**GING-GANG-
GHOULIE!**

I'M REALLY
LOOKING FORWARD
TO SUMMER CAMP
THIS YEAR!

YEAH, I'VE GOT
A FEELING IT WILL
BE FULL OF
SURPRISES!



RIGHT, CUBS. OFF YOU
GO, AND PITCH YOUR TENTS,
AND MAKE SURE YOU
STAY OUT OF
TROUBLE!



WE CAN PLAY
HORRIBLE TRICKS
ON THE BROWNIES
LATER!

YEAH, LIKE SCARING
THEM IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE NIGHT!



HEE HEE, I'LL
GIVE THEM SOME
SCARES LATER!

HA! HA!

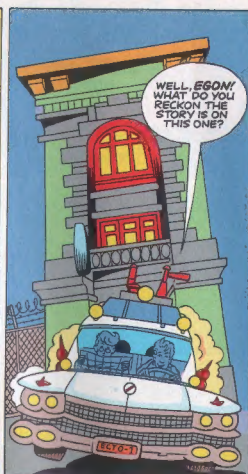
YIKES! HOW
DID THAT
HAPPEN?

WHOOOSH!

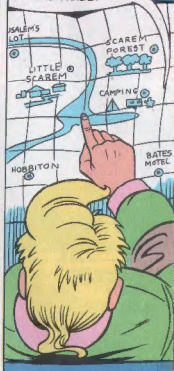
I
DIDN'T
TOUCH
IT!







ACCORDING TO MY ORDNANCE SUPER-NATURAL MAP, THE CAMP SITE IS SITUATED NEAR A WELL-KNOWN HALUNTED FOREST. THE GHOSTS WERE PROBABLY DISTURBED BY THE NOISE!







I'M DYING FOR THAT NEW SPINE-CHILLING SALT & VINEGAR FLAVOUR SNACK!

FREE* GHOULISH GHOST BALLOON WITH

*With 2 proofs of purchase and 50p p+p.



Yes, for just two proofs of purchase from The Real Ghostbusters potato snacks plus 50p p+p, this enormous Ghoulish Ghost Balloon can be yours FREE! But hurry! Offer closes 30th March 1990. Featuring Ghoulish Ghosts from the hit TV show, the Ghoulish Ghost Balloon can be inflated in seconds to a hauntingly huge 2 metres in length and is re-usable for hours of fiendish fun!

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Simply save two empty packets of The Real Ghostbusters potato snack – one Teeth Tinging Tomato flavour and one Spine Chilling Salt and Vinegar flavour. Complete the order form in block capitals and, together with your proofs of purchase and a cheque or postal order for 50p made payable to 'Ghoulish Ghost Balloon Offer', send to this address:

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ENQUIRIES ABOUT THIS ORDER MUST BE MADE TO THE APPLICATION ADDRESS.

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(BLOCK CAPITALS)

ADDRESS.....

POST CODE.....

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a cheque or postal order for..... to cover postage and packing (50p for each Ghoulish Ghost Balloon ordered).

Promoter: Sooner Snacks Ltd, Company registered in England. Number: 565565.

OFFER CLOSSES 30 MARCH 1990

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Unless you've spent the last few months living in a fridge-freezer (the fashionable place to stay this season according to an article on homesick Eskimoes in last week's *Cryogenic Suspension Gazette*), it can't have escaped your notice that the Rt Hon Parsival Whoop-Litany, MP for the Borough of Pattercake, has been causing a bit of a stir in all the papers recently. "MP UNDEAD SCANDAL" said the headline banners, and the papers went on to mention that questions had been asked in the house. Which house, they did not say.

It appears, you see, that P. Whoop-Litany MP has been keeping his pet dog, Rabelais, around the house long after his sell-by date, as it were. Rabelais, a terrier of unimpeachable pedigree, had been a family pet for many years, and had served as a faithful and loyal companion to the Rt Hon gentleman through two General Elections, one By-Election, three years as Chief Walnut Whip and nearly a decade as Shadow Minister of Making-Funny-Animal-Shapes-Appear-On-The-Wall-By-Moving-Your-Hands-In-Clever-Ways without portfolio.

However, three years ago, when a piece of Marrow-U-Like went down the wrong way, poor Rabelais turned up his feet and went to the Great Park In The Sky,



PART 89

where there's a tree every five feet. He passed away. Went to join the kennel invisible. As a doornail.

Yet such was the monumental bond of love between dog and master that Rabelais' spirit refused to pass on. After he got over the initial surprise of having a translucent hound shimmering about the place, Whoop-Litany found there wasn't much to tell between a faithful friend and a faithful fiend, and has continued to give the dog houserom, despite the latter's post-moribund status.

Only when Rabelais followed the MP to a re-election campaign meeting and slimed the Bishop of Ranting-in-the-Pink, did anyone catch on. I bring it all up at this point only because

GUIDE

there has been much written on the subject of phantom pets. They are not so uncommon. Jean Belmont-Gartre had a phantom coyote that he used to take for a float around the Tuilleries between chapters of *Les dawson de temps perdu*, and Vejaj Goanaska seldom went out to bat for Pakistan without giving his ghostly camel, Ludovic, a friendly pat for luck (the friendly pat in question was of course Pat Croft, the Summerset and Lankhairsire fast bowler).

In my opinion, there's blessed little to complain about and the papers really ought to give it a rest. So what if Whoop-Litany has a house ghost that fetches his slippers and raids the fridge now and then (no doubt to the surprise of the Eskimo living in it)? Has the world forgotten John Whine and his horse Holster, who made nine films before death and twelve after? The heck it has! Come to that, what about Polly Leadbeater and her demon cockatoo, Natasha? That great big pointy beak may have put the cuttlefish on the list of endangered species, but Polly loved her. What about Slimmer? We don't think of him as a ghost. We think of him as... as... a repellant and noxiously odorous blob of antisocial and unsanitary revulsion. What would we do without him? Don't answer that.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™




*PSYCHO KINETIC ENERGY



WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **DAVE HARWOOD**

Thursday, 15th February 1990

After all the excitement of Valentine's Day, things got off to a pretty dull start today. I like dullness. I like it when its really dull and there ain't a spook in sight and you have to spend a really dull Thursday afternoon on the sofa in front of the really dull TV with an amazingly dull glass of cherry crush and a stupendously boring slice of West Pier Pizza. Dull like that I can handle. Dull like that I enjoy.

Dull like that never lasts though. I'd only taken a sip of the cherry crush when the phone rang and Ray and I were off to the home of Mrs Murtagh in Brooklyn who said that there was something amiss with her pet dog Tiddles. Actually, she screamed this, but maybe that was just so she could be heard over the funny growling sound in the background.

When we got to her house, there was no sign of anyone or anything amiss or otherwise. We hunted high and low for a good few minutes and eventually located Mrs Murtagh who was hiding in the cupboard under the stairs. She had the cupboard door locked and refused to come out, even after we took polaroid photographs of ourselves in her kitchen holding copies of today's paper and slid them under the door to her. The reason for her reluctance seemed to be something to do with Tiddles, who had been 'fine as pie the morning Dr Swabb, the vet, had dropped by to clip his claws (Tiddles'claws, not Dr Swabb's, that is) but had gone a bit funny earlier on over a bowl of Bone-away Chunks'.

Okay, said Ray and me. We'll have a bit of a poke around and see if we can find Tiddles and encourage him to eat a few more chunks of good ol' wholesome Bone-away (9 out of 10 Tiddles owners said their dogs preferred it).

It didn't take us long to find Tiddles. We followed the trail of destruction that led out of Mrs Murtagh's backyard and ended two blocks away with Tiddles. Tiddles was chewing the top off a fire hydrant when we found him, and he bore very little resemblance to the small

poodle that Mrs Murtagh had described. Tiddles was nine feet long, wreathed in noxious gases and had a scaly hide that looked armour-plated. We identified him by his collar and by the fact that he still answered to the name of Tiddles.

So we busted him. About three seconds blasting with the Proton Gun wattage cranked up to 'toasty' and the venomous creature vanished to be replaced by a small and rather confused poodle.

"Looks like Tiddles had been possessed by a Classixxer," mused Ray as we led the unfortunate pooch back. I agreed, thankful that we'd solved the problem. Mrs Murtagh, however, would not come out of the cupboard.



Friday, 16th February 1990

Mr Cornhickie of Yonkers was very pleased when we got his cat, Rover, down from the tree. Just before that, he had been even more pleased when a wide-beam rake from Ray's Proton Gun had converted Rover back to the form of a two foot long Persian that he usually inhabited, from the form of a twenty-foot Ecto-Gorgon that he had been inhabiting more recently. 'I thought there was something up with Rover when he turned his nose up at the bowl of Meaty Feline-O-Munchy that top breeders recommend' explained Mr Cornhickie. Besides, he was twelve feet long and smelled like a cactus dipped in forty-

weight oil and fried over a peat fire.' Mmmmm, we said.

The change back to his usual form, after the ghastly possession, scared Rover so much that he high-tailed it up the nearest sycamore and refused to budge (much like Mrs Murtagh, who, police informed us, still hadn't come out of the cupboard under the stairs. Unless she showed her face in the next twelve hours and took some solid food, they reckoned they'd be sending in a SWAT team. No messin'. I find the police very reassuring, don't you?)

After we'd enticed Rover back down, with a fresh crate of Feline-O-Munchy, we asked Mr Cornhickie how long Rover had been playing him up. He only did it, we were told, after the visit from the vet, Dr Swabb, the previous morning.

Aha, we said.



Saturday, 17th February 1990

"I don't usually make house calls on a Saturday," said Dr Swabb as he stepped in the front door of Ray's flat. "But in your phone call you sounded very upset and suggested that your poor pet, Edgar, was in a lot of pain."

'Oh, he is, he is ...' I assured the strange, pale figure as I ushered him through into Ray's lounge. 'He's just through here if you'd take a look.' In the lounge, Ray was waiting, cradling the big dog basket in his hands. All that could be seen of the

basket's contents was a big, bulky blanket.



"Oh let me look!" cried Swabb in a concerned voice. "What is it ... a dog? ... a cat?"

"NO!" I replied, pulling back the blanket in the basket to reveal Slimer's grinning face. "It's a Class five free-roaming repeater."

Swabb leapt back with a cry of alarm, and at once his features dissolved into a nightmarish demonic face. Ray's theory had been correct: the vet calling himself Swabb was actually a pit-fiend demon sent to earth to possess normal, good-natured pets with the evil spirits he carried in his vet's bag.

Great. We'd solved the mystery of the metamorphosing pets. In a moment we swung up our Proton Guns and let rip, we'd blasted the now colossal monster that had once been Swabb into its component atoms and in doing so had solved the mystery of the phantom vet too.

Now all we had to do was get Mrs Murtagh out of the cupboard.

Because, as Ray pointed out, if the police did send a SWAT team in there to deal with Mrs Murtagh, Mrs Murtagh would probably win.

Catch you later.



SURF ZOMBIES

These terrifying spooks were frightening off the tourists and sun-worshippers from the beaches, and worse still scaring off the surfers. It seemed no-one was safe from these killjoy zombies until the Real Ghostbusters arrived to wipe the beach with them.

These maritime menaces were probably, though the Real Ghostbusters never found out for sure, the restless spirits of the eight-stone weaklings who used to get sand kicked in their faces down on the beaches. So incensed were they, that they took to disrupting the surfing activities on the local beach.

Unfortunately, the surf zombies started to become more of a pest than the people they sought revenge on in the first place. After giving the Ghostbusters a severe dunking, the boys returned that evening to blast them into the ether.



SLIMER!

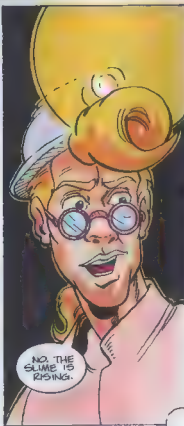
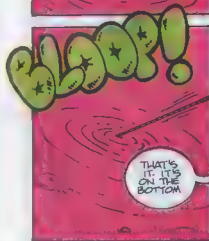
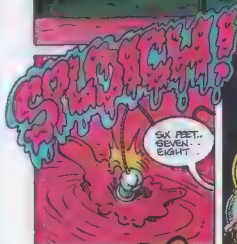
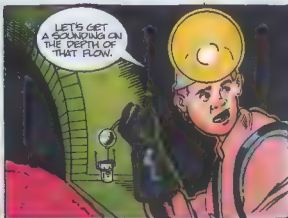
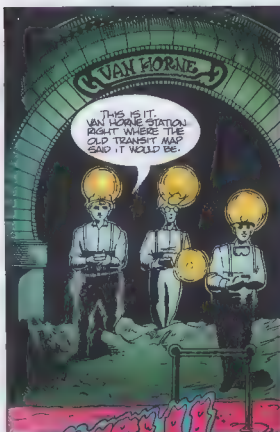
IT HAS MORE SLIME PER SQUARE INCH
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC-
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?

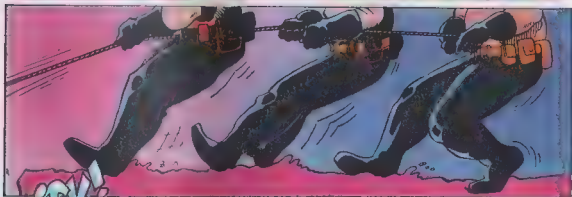


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PART TWELVE

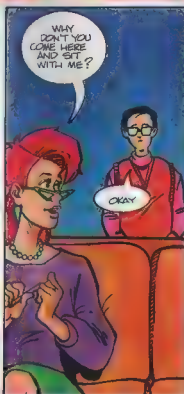
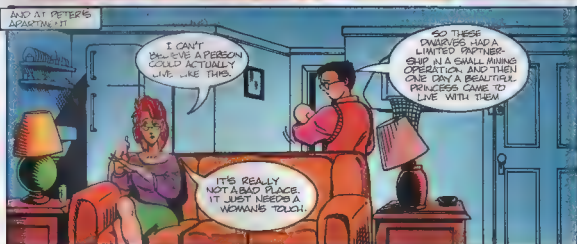






MEANWHILE AT THE
ARMAND RESTAURANT





NO

MORE GHOSTBUSTING NEXT WEEK!

DEAD TRUE!



ne summer in 1969, a New York businessman decided that he would have a relaxing weekend holiday away from it all. He chose an older, smaller hotel in Montauk Point, Long Island, as it had fewer guests to distract him.

Upon arrival he took a shower and soon, after a short nap, he felt he should try some local food. Just as he stepped out of his room he chanced upon a large black cat in the corridor, which promptly ran towards him and rubbed itself against his leg, purring and miaowing. Suddenly it stepped back and attempted to leap up and climb on his shoulders. There was something about the creature that he didn't like, and its eyes seemed to glow rather too intensely for a normal

cat. He decided that he was being silly, and as he was not a great feline fancier, he gently nudged the cat away with his foot and thought no more of it until later that night.

After dinner, he was about to enter his room, when the cat appeared again. It was still being overly affectionate towards him, but he managed to push it away and get into his room. From then on, every time the man left his room, the cat was there. Whatever the time of day or night, it was always waiting for him. It kept trying to jump up onto his shoulders, and eventually, although not normally of an aggressive nature, the man was tempted to be physically violent towards the cat.

One Sunday night, he went to bed early, planning to return to New York the following morn-

ing. Sometime during the night, he awoke with a start - he could feel a weight on his chest, and a pricking sensation at his throat. He sat up in alarm, and suddenly felt something furry. He switched on his bedside lamp, and saw to his horror that he was soaked with blood, and that the cat, its teeth bared, was hissing and spitting at the foot of the bed. Terrified, he threw the ashtray at the fearsome beastie, and missed - at the moment, the cat jumped into the air, claws outstretched, and vanished!

The poor man never found anyone else who had seen the cat, or even heard of anything like it happening before. To this day, there is still no explanation as to the gruesome goings-on of that terrible night...



GHOST WRITING!



Where do you get all these questions from? Anyway, keep them rolling in, I like a challenge.

Dear Peter. . .

I have some questions:

1. What was your hardest bust?
 2. Who is your girlfriend, Peter?
 3. Why does Slimer keep sliming you?
- Kevin Cooper, Sheppey

Oh yes, I know this one, yeah, sure, it was . . . oh, what was that guy's name? . . . oh, yeah . . . Gozer. Definitely Gozer. 2. Er, um, er, now come on, a man's girlfriend is his own private castle, well at least I think that's what they say! 3. Animal magnetism!

1. In Issue eighty-one, the river of slime is green, but in the film it was red.
2. Also in Issue eighty-two, you started talking about

Nekkdasgeddon's legs but in an earlier issue you said the artist would not draw such a thing.

3. In Ghostbusters you have a different phone number to the one in Ghostbusters II.
- Gareth Warren, Garsington

Right then, Gareth. 1. Colourists licence! 2. Artistic licence! 3. Maybe we got it changed because the Phoney Phantom had got hold of it, who knows?

Please will you answer these questions:

1. Do you like Ray, Egon and Winston and why?
 2. Do you believe there is a Heaven?
 3. Do you believe there is a Hell?
 4. Why is it only you that hates Slimer?
 5. Why are you always chatting up the girls?
 6. Have you a girlfriend?
 7. Why is Slimer so greedy?
 8. Why is Janine always cleaning her nails?
 9. Why is Slimer green?
 10. Has Slimer a brain?
- Lee Kent, Carshalton

Stewrth, don't ask much, do you? 1. Yes, of course I do, but who is this why fella? 2. Yes, it's near Leicester Square, isn't it? 3. Yeah, you should see the fridge after Slimer's been at it! 4. Because it's only me that he slimes, and I hate slime! 5. It passes the time 6. Aaaaaaargh! I'm suffering from deja-vu! 7. Aaaaaaargh! I'm suffering from deja-vu! 8. Girls, who can understand them? 9. Well, it's

certainly not because he's ozone friendly, for sure! 10. I ask myself this question constantly!

I have two questions for you:

1. In Issue fifty-three's 'Car Wash Spook', why did the busting equipment still work, even though it had got wet?
 2. What would happen if Egon died? Where would you get all your information from?
- Paul Doran, Halewood

1. A little bit of water never did anything any harm, now, did it? Well, maybe it did in the odd flood here and there, but our equipment is built to withstand more than a bunch of spooks! 2. What a morbid question! I reckon that if the inevitable did happen, Egon would return to us in spirit form to live in the HQ as a phantasmal pet. Thus, not only would he be able to keep Slimer company, but he would also be able to continue with his favourite hobby — imparting scientific knowledge to us hangers on!

I am so very angry that I am not as popular as you. Here in my room, I have: a Proton Pack, a Ghost Popper and two trapped spooks. I am very well trained and with your help, I could bust every Ghost in the Classified List of Spooks!

— Jonathan Wright, London

I have to say that your credentials sound very impressive, Jonathan. If we ever have a vacancy we'll maybe let you know!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What time is it when Mr Stay-Puft sits on your house?
Time to get a new house!
– Gary Buglass, Edinburgh

Why don't skeletons go to horror films?
They haven't got the guts!
– Paul Warrall, Manchester.

How do you get in touch with fish?
Drop them a line!
– David Chalk, Sunderland.

How can you tell if a ghost is not telling the truth?
You can see right through it!
– Lee Skilton, Regis.

What do you get if you cross Dracula with snow?
Frostbite!
– Graeme Felstead, Surrey.

Why did the fish blush?
Because it saw the ocean's bottom!
– Robert Powdrill, Kent.



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